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**MAINE FARMER.**  
Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.  
A NEW HINT TO THE ORCHARDIST.  
Every farmer knows that it is necessary to  
prune his orchard, in order to make it produce  
fruit more abundantly. Every one knows, too,  
that there should be a fair proportion of wood  
to the tree and no more; and yet there are very  
few who have much rule, or judgment either, in  
performing the operation.

Some will go into an orchard, axe in hand, and  
cut and hack indiscriminately, and leave the trees  
most cruelly mangled, so that their last state is  
worse than the first. The best general rule that  
can be given, perhaps, is to, first, so proportion  
the branches as to distribute the sap equally  
throughout its top, and to let in the sun and air  
in a proper and suitable degree; and second, to  
so prune the branches as to produce as many of  
the short fruit bearing spurs as the tree can sus-  
tain of good, fair, healthy fruit. In regard to  
this last operation, we copy a part of an article  
from the Gardener's Chronicle, as quoted in the  
December number of Hovey's Magazine of  
Horticulture, under the head of "Summer Prun-  
ing of Apple trees." The writer had reference  
to the small dwarf trees in gardens, but his di-  
rection will apply equally well to the big trees  
of the orchard. All that is necessary, says the  
writer, to insure abundant fruit, is to practice  
diligently the August stopping. This consists in  
breaking or cutting off at that season, from three  
to four inches of every summer shoot, and then,  
in midwinter, cutting back two-thirds or one-half  
more of such shoots, so as to reduce them to the  
length of four to six inches.

The effect of this system is to prevent the sap  
of the trees from expending itself in the ever  
lengthening of branches. The ends of the summer  
shoots being broken off, the sap is arrested in  
its onward course, and forced into lateral  
channels. Those lateral channels are the buds  
in the axils of the lower leaves. There it col-  
lects, is occupied in the organization of short  
lateral branches which finally become short fruit  
bearing spurs. In this way, we have seen dwarf  
trees covered with bearing wood down to the  
very graft.

If observed from the beginning, this practice  
renders a dwarf tree a most prolific object. If  
neglected at first, it may at any time afterwards  
be put in force, with this difference in the result,  
that it takes a much longer time to bring into  
bearing a tree rendered barren by long misman-  
agement, than to secure abundance from a tree  
well treated from its earliest youth.

The reason why August is chosen for the op-  
eration, is this:—if the summer shoots are short-  
ened earlier, the side buds will break from the  
excessive influx of sap; if performed later,  
there will not be a sufficient propulsion of sap  
into them to effect the desired object. It will  
frequently happen that with the best manage-  
ment some of the side buds will break; but they  
will be near the end of the branches, and will be  
removed with the winter pruning.

We have said, that in winter pruning, the  
shoots are to be cut back to the extent of half or  
two-thirds of their length. It is hardly necessary  
to explain that it is only the weakest shoots  
that require to be shortened by two-thirds, and  
that the strongest are to be left with half their  
length.

#### ESSAY UPON THE WHEAT FLY.

We have received a pamphlet of 32 pages with  
the above title, from Asa Fitch, M. D., of Sa-  
lem, N. Y., who is the author of it.

From a hostile perusal, we are induced to con-  
sider this the best, and indeed, we believe it is  
the only extended treatise on this destructive in-  
sect. What he calls wheat fly, has received the  
name of weevil with us. This is an incorrect  
name, but as it is generally known to our farm-  
ers by this name, it is well enough to say that  
it is the same that others call the wheat fly.

Dr. Fitch has given very neat and excellent  
drawings of two species of this genus of insect,  
together with all its appearances in its different  
stages. One species he calls the clear winged  
wheat fly, (*Cecidomyia thoracica*), and the other  
he calls the spotted winged wheat fly, (*Cecidomyia  
tergata*).

The Dr. first gives its "Foreign History," by  
which it appears that one Christopher Gullet  
published an account of this insect in the Trans-  
actions of the royal Society, in the year 1771.  
Next he gives its "Domestic History." It ap-  
pears from the facts that he has gathered, that  
this little scourge first appeared in Western Ver-  
mont, in 1820. In its vicinity, (Salem N. Y.)  
about one hundred and fifty miles south of the  
first named locality, it appeared in 1830. It  
spread over East Vermont and New Hampshire,  
and made its appearance in Maine in the sum-  
mer of 1834, travelling along about thirty miles  
a year. He next speaks of "its Habits." They  
first appear in the fields on the last of June, but  
do their mischief during the first half of July.

He says that "during the evenings which suc-  
ceed hot days of sunshine, it appears to be most  
busy and full of life." If, says he, a field  
infested with them be visited with a lantern at  
this time, such hosts as were little imagined to  
exist, will be found hovering about the grain,  
the most of them with wings and legs extended,  
dancing up and down along the ears, intently en-  
gaged in selecting the most suitable spot where  
to deposit their eggs.

The next chapter describes its "natural ene-  
mies." He observes that one of the most effec-  
tive of these is the common yellow bird, (*Frin-  
gilla tristis*.) This bird picks the worms from



## MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.  
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the wheat heads. He next gives several "artifi-  
cial modes of arresting its ravages." The more  
prominent of these is the one now generally  
adopted among us, viz., that of sowing the seed  
at such time as will prevent its being in blossom  
at the period when the insect appears.  
He also recommends burning the chaff of  
wheat that is infested with the larva or chrysalis.  
He next gives a technical description of several  
wheat flies.

We wish that every farmer could have a copy  
of this pamphlet. Why would it not be a good  
plan for Agricultural Societies to offer it as pre-  
miums? The information it contains is of vital  
interest to every one who raises wheat. A mil-  
lion of dollars, nay, more money, would not pay  
the damage it has done to the State of Maine  
alone. We thank the Dr. for his kindness in  
sending us the work, and hope this notice may  
lead others to obtain and read it.

#### MOTT'S AGRICULTURAL FURNACE.



This neat and simple invention is just the  
thing for the farmer who is in want of a *swill*  
*cook stove*, or, in other words, a "handy," con-  
venient apparatus for cooking roots, apples or  
swill for hogs or cattle. It consists of a large  
kettle or cauldron on a stove. These are of cast  
iron, and so constructed that it is, when put to-  
gether, one structure; but yet the kettle may be  
detached from the case which contains it, and the  
case also be detached from the stove, if necessary  
for the convenience of moving it from place to  
place.

There are, also, large handles attached to the  
stoves for the convenience of moving the whole  
together. We have tried all sorts of contrivances  
for a swill cookery, and some years ago went  
to considerable expense in procuring a steamer,  
in order to cook large quantities with little fuel,  
but did not find it to answer all the expectations  
or all the requirements needed. But this, we find,  
answers the purpose completely. You can put it  
where you please,—in your kitchen, in your  
shed, in your hog-pen, or outdoors. It takes but  
little wood. It cooks the material quickly, and  
is not likely to get out of repair. Any body who  
knows how to put on a dish-kettle and boil wa-  
ter can manage it. A friend obtained one for us,  
at Ruggles, Nourse & Mason's warehouse, in  
Boston, and we had it put up in our cellar this  
winter, having a chance to put the stove-pipe  
into the flue of a chimney up stairs. Here it  
answers the double purpose of a boiler and a  
veto to Jack Frost, if he feels *saucy* enough to  
encroach upon the *saucy*. It is the invention of  
J. L. Mott, New York. They are of various  
sizes, from 15 gallons up to forty or more.

It will hold fifteen gallons will cost you ten or  
eleven dollars, and one that will hold forty gal-  
lons will cost you twenty-two or three dollars.  
We guess at the prices, not knowing, exactly,  
the price of the larger kind.

We are happy to state, that our friends in  
this vicinity can find them for sale at L. P.  
Mead & Co's, in this town, and we would sug-  
gest to those who are in want of such an article,  
to go and examine for themselves.

They need not be used exclusively for swill  
cooking. We have no doubt they would be found  
to be capital for boiling down maple sap in  
the sugar camp, and such like purposes.

#### AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT.

To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:

In contemplating the advantages which an im-  
proved and constantly improving agriculture may  
afford to our country, the mind is almost irresist-  
ibly led to the subject of British husbandry.  
In the British nation the highest attention has  
been paid to science of every kind. In Great  
Britain the arts, and every branch of useful man-  
ufacture, have been carried to a very high ex-  
tent. We might speak of her extensive com-  
merce, of the vast extent of her colonies, of the  
host of great men she has produced—men mighty  
in deeds, mighty in intellect, and mighty in  
knowledge.

The present unexampled wealth and power of  
Great Britain could not have been produced  
without a cause. It was the wise statesmen who  
have successively shone in her councils, and her  
host of distinguished men that have paved the  
way to all this greatness and renown—it was the  
*joint-workmanship* of many powerful minds for-  
sooth.

Among the subjects which have engaged the  
attention of the government and people of Great  
Britain, is that of agricultural improvement.  
The advancement made in this branch of industry  
in that country during the present century, is  
perfectly astonishing. Men of capital, and men  
of intelligence and enterprise, have seconded the  
efforts of the government, and public opinion  
and a concentration of efforts have gone hand in  
hand.

We may well be proud of the mother country,  
of our British brethren, of our distinguished  
ancestry. And while we may think it wise to  
follow closely in their footsteps, we should not  
forget to studiously avoid their errors. If agri-  
culture be regarded as aristocratic in Great Brit-  
ain, it should be essentially democratic in our  
republic. Although the genius of our government  
and that of Great Britain may be different,  
still there is no reason that our country should be  
behind that nation either in science, national  
wealth, national power, or any of the great  
branches of national industry. And if our country  
shall at length prove even more than a rival to  
Great Britain, patriotism may well rejoice at the  
sublime result.

J. E. ROLFE.  
Rumford, Jan., 1846.

#### STRUCTURE OF BARNS.

The *Maine Farmer* promises to devote a por-  
tion of its attention to "barn architecture," and  
to give, from time to time, some diagrams or  
plates that will show the greatest convenience  
and economy in the structure. We think the  
idea a good one. As Dr. Holmes says, "perhaps  
no building on the farm, in the Northern States,  
is of more importance than the barn." Any  
thing that can explain the best structure cannot  
fail of being useful. In the mean time, the Far-  
mer says it likes the idea of building the barn on  
a hill side, so as to drive the loads of hay in at  
great doors in the gable end near the ridge-pole,  
and pitch the hay down into the mows rather  
than up, and from these feed down to the crea-  
tures in the story below, and then throw the ma-  
nure down cellar beneath the lintel. All this is  
very convenient. It makes the power of gravi-  
tation do all the *pitching*; but we ask for infor-  
mation—is it well to have the manure deposited  
beneath the building? Do not the gases that  
arise from fermenting manure, rot the sills, floor  
timbers and planks very rapidly? Moreover, do  
they not impregnate the whole contents of the  
barn, hay, grain, &c., and injure them by im-  
parting a nauseous flavor? We ask because we  
were led to this suspicion last year in this way:  
we had a manure heap in a warm room contig-  
uous to the barn. Above, and in another part of  
the barn, we had some twenty bushels of traced  
corn hung up. The gases arose from the manure  
all winter, which penetrating through every crack  
and crevice, reached the corn, and in frosty  
weather we noticed the corn all white with the  
frozen gases. Subsequently, on shelling it out for  
grinding, we found no human being could eat it.  
We had to give it all to the hens, horse and cow,  
and even the horse—delicate creature—was shy  
of the smell of it. If our fact proves any gen-  
eral rule, it would seem to advise not having  
manure heaps under the barn, especially if any  
part of it is used for the deposit of corn or grain.  
How far the gases might injure the flavor of hay,  
we know not.—[Gospel Banner.

NOTE.—No doubt, if you have your barn cel-  
lar so warm as to allow the manure to ferment  
and steam all winter, the lower timbers of your  
barn will become rotten, and if your floors are  
so open as to let the gases and vapor up through,  
among your fodder, that too, will be injured, if  
not spoiled.

Barn cellars are generally open on the south  
side, in order to permit young cattle and sheep  
to go under and find occasional shelter. If they  
are not, there should be means used to ventilate  
and keep them so cool as to preserve the manure  
from fermenting too much and spreading its ex-  
halations far and wide. Plaster of Paris, ashes,  
loam, muck and such like things, might be ad-  
vantageously added to absorb the ammonia and  
other gases that may arise from the decomposition  
of the heaps thrown below.—[Ed.

#### NORTH WAYNE PORKER.

KENNEBEC NOT BEAT YET.

To the Editor of the Maine Farmer:

Mr. Anson Bartlett, of North Wayne, slaugh-  
tered a hog on the 13th ult., seventeen months  
old, which weighed seven hundred and twelve  
pounds.

This was the best hog I have ever seen, not  
because he was the *fattest*, but the best propor-  
tioned. Last winter his sty was the dung-hill;  
his feed mainly the crumbs and peelings saved  
from the family. This summer he has had  
no extra feeding, and has by no means been  
*driven hard* during the fall; and was until the  
day of his death, as spry and smart as any of  
the young porkers. Had he been made as *fat* as  
some hogs I have seen, he would have weighed  
one thousand pounds. Wish you could have  
seen him.  
Yours, J. HAYNES.

GOOD PORKERS.—Mr. William Hunnewell, of  
China, slaughtered, Nov. 27th, three fine hogs,  
eighteen months old, of one litter, which weighed  
as follows: one, 537 lbs; one, 507 lbs, one, 474  
lbs; total, 1518 lbs. Blood, cross of the Berk-  
shire and Newbury White. These hogs were  
fattened on apples and potatoes; the only grain  
given them being twelve bushels of barley and  
oats.

Mr. H. has a calf, of the Durham and Devon-  
shire breed, a few days old, which weighed when  
it came 121 lbs.

AN EXCELLENT COW. One of our subscri-  
bers, Moses Chick, Esq. of North Dixmont, has  
a cow which we think is "hard to beat" in the  
dairy line. From the sixteenth day of May last  
to the twenty-fourth of December inst. the fam-  
ily made from her milk two hundred and sixty  
pounds. In May 24 lbs.; in June 49 lbs.; in  
July 48 lbs. For three weeks in July the cow  
was milked three times a day—gave twenty-one  
quarts of strained milk a day which produced  
fourteen pounds of butter a week.

The cow has, in addition, supplied a family of  
three persons with all the new milk wanted.  
She has had good feed and good hay, and has  
drunk all the skimmed milk.—[Bangor Courier.

STEAM POWER AND HORSE POWER. Mr. An-  
drews, of Kirkham Lodge, said: I calculate a  
horse cannot last on an average above 15 years,  
while an engine with moderate care will last  
100 years. Horses, whether working or not, are  
expensive in keeping; but when an engine stands  
still, it is costing nothing. A four-horse engine  
will do more work than eight horses—I mean  
yoked at the same time—for they never are all  
of one mind for pulling together. I recollect  
once employing 13 horses to do some work, that  
is, six at a time, in three sets, relieving each  
other as they required it; but it proved tiring  
work. I put up a six-horse engine and it did the  
same work well. Ten per cent. upon the first  
cost will keep an engine in repair which works  
every day for 20 years; but the cost of those  
used for farming purposes, as has been stated,  
may be about 7 per cent.—[Gar. Chron.

Supply sheep with plenty of pure water.

#### WINTER EMPLOYMENTS.

"Now shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind—  
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens  
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,  
And watch them strict."

Next to man's duty of providing for himself  
and his own household, is that of relieving, to  
the extent of his power, the wants of his fellow-  
men in general,—and next to that, is the duty,  
(to say nothing of interest,) of protecting and  
nourishing the animals placed under his care,  
and from which his own comforts are so largely  
derived. Winter is indeed a season of gloom  
and unhappiness to those who are in need of  
food, raiment or shelter; and in truth, however  
well provided the farmer and his family may be  
in these respects, if he has the common sym-  
ptoms of humanity, he will find himself a stranger  
to peace of mind, while any of the animals de-  
pendent on him, are miserable from hunger or  
exposure; but let every individual of his docks  
and herds, receive the full care and attention re-  
quisite to their comfort and enjoyment, and a  
consciousness of this will enable the owner to  
rest quietly on his pillow, though the storm may  
howl and rage around.

Besides the cutting and collecting wood and  
timber, and other business usually done in the  
winter, the farmer may do much in this season,  
towards forwarding the labors of spring. Every  
farmer should have a workshop, where, in stormy  
and inclement days, he or his men may be em-  
ployed in mechanical work. If extensive opera-  
tions are carried on, there should be a black-  
smith's forge with an anvil and such apparatus  
as is necessary for doing small jobs. Imple-  
ments should be made and repaired, and every-  
thing put in readiness for use. A little practice  
will enable any man of tolerable ingenuity to use  
the carpenter's or blacksmith's tools so well that  
he may save many a dollar.

Although the farmer is sometimes prevented  
from carrying on out door operations by the  
severity of the weather, his time during this sea-  
son may be as profitably employed as in any  
other part of the year. The leisure now enjoy-  
ed, permits his mind to be directed to subjects of  
interest and importance which he had not the  
opportunity to examine thoroughly, when more  
busily engaged. He has time for studying and  
laying plans for future operation—time for read-  
ing and for investigating the principles on which  
his art is based,—a knowledge of which enables him  
to direct his labors understandingly. By reading  
he acquires information as to the state and  
condition of agriculture everywhere. In relation  
to the different branches of husbandry, he  
notes well the practices of others, and care-  
fully compares them with his own—resolving to  
improve his system by adopting whatever is  
applicable to his circumstances. While prose-  
cuting his inquiries, however, he should avoid a  
credulous assent to untried schemes and theories.  
Though he should examine freely, he should ap-  
ply cautiously—he should endeavor to "prove all  
things, and hold fast that which is good"—coun-  
sel, which, though originally given in reference  
to spiritual concerns, should be held as a motto  
in all temporal affairs.

The farmer should also provide means for the  
intellectual improvement of his family. The  
character of his sons and daughters, depends  
much on the opportunities they have at home for  
the acquirement of knowledge. Many young  
men are made discontented with the life of a  
farmer, and are, perhaps, driven to habits of  
irregularity, from the want of that knowledge  
which would give them both "power" and plea-  
sure. Every effort should therefore be made to  
render home pleasant. Books and periodicals,  
suited to the ages and capacities of both sexes,  
should be provided. They should be such as  
will not only convey instruction in relation to the  
business affairs of life, but of a character also  
that will tend to improve the morals and elevate  
the higher sentiments.

Nor should the mind of the farmer himself be  
restricted to one subject or class of subjects, for  
in the whole range of nature there is nothing  
that bears not some relation to his happiness.  
Let him, then, study nature in all her shapes and  
forms—let him heed well her teachings,  
"And mark them down for wisdom."

Every season will afford opportunity, to the  
man of philosophic mind, for observation or for  
useful reflection and contemplative enjoyment:

"E'en winter wild, to him is full of bliss,  
The mighty tempest and the hoary waste,  
Alarum, and deep, stretched o'er the buried earth,  
Awake to solemn thought."

[Albany Cultivator.

TALLOW AND TRAIN-OIL AS A SALVE FOR  
SHEEP. In the Highland and Agricultural Society's  
Transactions for 1844, pages 271-273, an  
article appeared, recommending the use of tal-  
low and train-oil, in equal parts, as a salve for  
sheep; and, in reference to that article, a gen-  
tleman in Argyleshire, skilled in the manage-  
ment of sheep, writes as follows, under date the 9th  
July last: "The salve I used for my sheep last  
autumn (viz. one half tallow to an equal por-  
tion of train oil), has, in every respect, an-  
swered the description given of it in the Society's  
Transactions; and one of my tenants whom,  
with some persuasion, I got to smear thirty of  
his flock with that mixture, admits that they are  
in better condition than any of the others; that  
the wool will weigh as heavy as that done with  
tar and butter; and that he will get the price of  
white wool for it. The expense last year was a  
little greater than tar and butter, as I paid 1s.  
6d. a pint for oil, and 6d. a pound for tallow, but  
this year I shall get oil for 1s. a pint, and if a  
quantity is required, at probably a lower price.  
[Edinburgh Jour. of Agriculture.

THE DROUGHT.—We learn from the interior  
the most discouraging accounts of the drought.  
Many of our merchants, in the interior, have ad-  
vanced largely to the farmers during the past sea-  
son, on their wheat crops, and there has not been  
sufficient to sustain the harvest to flour it. If  
old winter shuts up the streams without rain, an  
incalculable amount of inconveniences, to say  
the least, will follow. In this town, the wells on  
the hills are mostly dry. [Milwaukee Sentinel.

Pearls are found in rough oyster-shells. How  
strange! Why were they not placed in a cologne  
bottle?

#### WINTERING STOCK.

Throughout a considerable portion of the coun-  
try, there is a scarcity of materials on which to  
feed stock the coming winter. The general  
warmth and moisture of the atmosphere, how-  
ever, since the occurrence of rains in the begin-  
ning of autumn, have much promoted the growth  
of grass; thus fortunately affording an opportunity  
for grazing up to a late period of the season.—  
And where fields of rye have been sown for the  
purpose of giving late fall and early spring pas-  
ture, the favorableness of the season has proba-  
bly induced a growth which will furnish sup-  
port in a great degree, to light cattle and sheep.  
Yearlings, calves, and sheep, may therefore be  
grazed on such fields, care being taken that the  
bite is not too short, till snow covers the ground;  
and the spring growth may be availed of for the  
same purpose, to a longer or shorter period, ac-  
cording to the necessities of the farmer, or the  
wants of his stock. If, while the stock is feed-  
ing on rye, too lax a state of the bowels occurs,  
as is sometimes the case, owing to the succulence  
of the rye, the animals should be fed with some  
dry hay, and a little salt as a condiment, which  
will check the tendency to purge.

But under all circumstances, the most economi-  
cal appropriation of the winter's stock of fod-  
der, becomes an important desideratum. The  
great aim should be the maintenance of the stock  
in proper condition with the least expense. The  
materials at the disposal of farmers for this pur-  
pose, consist usually of hay, straw of various  
grains, fodder of Indian corn, different vegeta-  
bles in greater or less quantities, with occasi-  
onally some meal or "mill stuffs." A general sav-  
ing of all rough fodder may be made by cutting  
with a machine. This saving results in various  
ways, some of which we will specify.

1. Corn-stalks, such as rank hay, straw, or  
corn-stalks, are thus wrought into a more con-  
venient form for mastication, by which animals  
are often induced to eat that which would other-  
wise be rejected, or only partially consumed.  
This is particularly the case with clover hay,  
more or less of which is almost always wasted if  
fed in the long state, but when passed through a  
cutter, if it has been properly cured, is readily  
eaten perfectly clean. The same remark is ap-  
plicable, but in a less degree, to straw and corn  
fodder.

2. By cutting, fodder of inferior quality may  
be easily mixed in any desired proportions with  
that which is better or more palatable, and the  
poorer kind thus be made to conduce to the ani-  
mal's support. Cutting also affords a convenient  
mode of mixing meal, shorts, or bran, with fod-  
der, by which may be gained the double advan-  
tage of inducing stock to eat less palatable arti-  
cles, and of so diffusing the meal that all its nu-  
triment is appropriated by the animal.

3. Besides the advantages above mentioned,  
another and not less important benefit is known  
to be derived by laboring animals in the addi-  
tional time it affords them for rest—the cutting  
performing in a great degree the work of chew-  
ing and preparation for digestion. This benefit  
is regarded as so important by those accustomed  
to feeding work horses and oxen on cut food,  
that nothing would induce them to discontinue  
the practice.

There are cases, however, in which the ad-  
vantages of cutting may not repay the expenses.  
If the food to be used is wholly hay of very fine  
quality, and the stock consuming it is not required  
to labor, it might be so fed that no waste  
would accrue, or nothing be gained by cutting.—  
But wherever a mixture of fodder would be ex-  
pedient, or meal, &c., is to be used, or working  
animals are to be provided for, the advantage of  
cutting will be found to repay the expenses ten-  
fold.

In times past, the writer has had some expe-  
rience in feeding stock, and has practiced various  
modes with a view to economizing food and cost.  
During seasons of scarcity of hay, a course like  
the following was adopted with advantage.—  
Good hay and straw, (oat and barley straw are  
preferable, but wheat and rye straw were often  
used,) were cut together in equal parts. Chaff  
of wheat or oats was sometimes used instead of  
straw. This fodder was mixed with corn meal  
at the rate of two quarts of meal to the hundred  
of fodder. First a layer of six or seven inches  
of the straw and hay was thrown into a large box,  
spread over the bottom, and moistened with hot  
water—then the meal was spread over it, and af-  
terwards well mixed with forks. Other layers  
were prepared in the same way, until enough  
was ready for twenty head of cattle for twenty-  
four hours. It was made the object to give each  
grown animal, (cow or ox,) twenty-five pounds  
of the cut straw and hay every twenty-four hours  
—that is, each was allowed twelve and a half  
pounds of hay, the same quantity of straw, and  
a pint of meal per day. Younger and smaller  
stock was fed in proportion. Cows giving milk,  
and oxen when working, had the meal increased  
—giving in such instances, two to three quarts  
per day. Sometimes rye meal, shorts, and occa-  
sionally oil-cake were used, either by themselves  
or in connection with the corn-meal; endeavor-  
ing to use about the relative quantities of each  
which would afford the same amount of nutri-  
ment; but as we had no definite standard, we  
gave as nearly as practicable equal weights.

Not the least advantage attended this course of feed-  
ing, and we found the stock to do well upon it.  
Though not fat they were in good trim, and their  
costs got into fine order early in spring, so that  
they went to grass in excellent condition. \*  
In feeding potatoes or other vegetables to  
stock, where the quantity does not exceed  
half a bushel per day to each grown cow or ox,  
we have usually given them at one feed in the  
morning, after the first foddering of hay.

Col. Jacques, of Massachusetts, who is known  
as an economical feeder of stock, adopts the fol-  
lowing plan, which we copied sometime since  
from notes furnished by him:  
"For 30 cows, cut with a machine 30 bushels  
for one feed; one-third common or English hay,  
one-third salt hay, and one-third rye or barley  
straw; and 30 quarts of wheat-bran or shorts,  
and ten quarts of oat and corn meal moistened  
with water. One bushel of this mixture is given  
to each cow in the morning, and the same quan-  
tity at noon and in the evening. In addition to

this, a peck of mangel wurzel is given to each  
cow per day. This mode of feeding has been  
found to produce nearly as much milk as the best  
grass feed in the summer."

Stock must not be too much stinted in their  
food in the fore part of winter, nor should an at-  
tempt be made to keep them at once on the poor-  
er kinds of fodder. In the colder weather of Jan-  
uary and February their appetites will be sharp-  
er, and then the poor fodder will be eaten to best  
advantage. We said their food should not be  
stinted in the beginning; the reason is, that if they  
are brought low in flesh in the first of the winter,  
they cannot stand the inclemency of the weather  
so well, and they rapidly fall towards spring.—  
Hence if any pinching must be done, it had bet-  
ter be deferred to the last end of the season of  
feeding, as relief may be shortly expected from  
the growth of grass. The greatest regularity  
should be observed in feeding—always giving the  
food as near as practicable at certain fixed times.  
But no food should at any time be given to be left  
—all should be eaten to the last straw which is  
eatable. Still, substances which are really in-  
nutritious—such as the large sour butts of corn-  
stalks and the woody stems of weeds and coarse  
herbage—should not be given to stock with the  
expectation that they will be eaten and benefit be  
derived from them.

The importance of shelter to stock must not be  
overlooked—it having been fully demonstrated  
that warmth is equivalent to food. The heat of  
the animal system is kept up in the same manner  
as flame is supported—that is, by an union of car-  
bon and oxygen. The animal derives carbon  
from the food, which, having undergone digestion,  
is taken up by the blood and thence conveyed to the  
lungs, where by the act of respiration, it is united  
with a portion of the oxygen of the atmosphere,  
and heat is produced. Exposure to a low tem-  
perature dissipates the animal heat just as heat is  
driven off from any other body similarly situated.  
It is obvious that the natural temperature of the  
body must be sustained or the animal will perish.

As carbon is the only material by which this  
heat can be furnished, that substance must either  
be supplied to the blood from the fat and muscle  
already formed, or the blood must obtain it thro'  
the medium of food. If the food is deficient, the  
supply must be made up from a waste of the bod-  
ily parts; and the consequence will be loss of flesh  
and weight, which if long continued may cause  
the death of the animal, either by finally cutting  
off the source of heat, or so weakening the sys-  
tem that it yields to the attack of some malady.  
To sustain the animal in proper condition, re-  
quires a supply of food proportioned to the degree  
of cold to which it is exposed; and it is therefore  
obvious that by avoiding exposure to cold, we  
save food.—[Albany Cultivator.

#### CLEARING FORESTS.

Within our own recollection it was a very gen-  
eral practice, in the towns near Boston, to go into  
woodlots in winter, and single out the oldest trees,  
or such as had begun to rot, to be cut down for  
firewood. We believe that this mode of cutting is  
now very generally condemned.

When large single trees are felled in the midst  
of a forest, they crush the undergrowth, if there is  
any, and much retard the progress of what is to  
take the place of the trees removed. And when  
you practice thinning out your woodlots you must  
not expect the low trees that you leave for stand-  
ards will grow fast. You will have large vacan-  
cies overshadowed by the high trees, that will  
produce no wood.

By thinning excessively you will often let in so  
much air and light that the wild grasses will come  
in and form a tight sward. In such cases you  
must not expect your large trees to grow rapidly.  
For none grow fast in sward land. The leaves  
that contribute so much to enrich woodland with  
a thick growth, will be blown away in a lot that  
is too much thinned.

A lot that is designed for wood should be cut  
over once in twenty or thirty years, if not sooner.  
For young wood is better for the fire, and the  
stumps of young trees will grow more than twice  
as fast as trees coming from seed. But old trees  
send up no shoots that are worth protecting, and  
it is not profitable in any case to let trees grow so  
long for firewood that no vigorous shoots will  
come from the roots.

Cut clean therefore, great and small trees, and  
cut them as close to the ground as you can. The  
sprouts are found to start and grow as well when  
the clearing is done in June as in winter. August  
is the

## Sabbath Reading.

### THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

BY J. HARRIS.

How fair and how lovely it is to behold  
The sun in his splendor, approaching the west,  
His race is near run, and his light is fading,  
It glides through the ether as hastening to rest.  
It sinks, but in sinking 'tis only to rise,  
Its splendor and glory afresh to display;  
It sets, but in other and far distant skies  
It rises and reigns in the brightness of day.  
Yet far more resplendent than this is the scene  
Of the good man approaching the confines of time,  
All loving, all peaceful, all calm and serene,  
He passes away with a brightness sublime.  
He dies, but no pen can ever display,  
The splendor and glory that burst on his sight,  
As guided by angels he ascends to his right,  
Through the portals of praise to the temple of light.

### AFFECTION FOR THE DEAD.

The sorrow for the dead, is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound would we seek to heal—every other affliction forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother that would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms though every recollection is like a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns—who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portals, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love that survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its roots, it has likewise its delights, and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into meditation on all it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hours of gaiety, or spread a deep sadness over the hours of gloom, yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charm of the living. Oh, the grave—the grave! It buries every terror—covers every sorrow—extinguishes every grief—From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

And the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon with the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene—the bed of death, with all its stifled grief—its noiseless attendants, in mute, watchful silence—the last review of the expiring love—the feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh, how thrilling! pressure of the hand—the last fond look of the glazing eye, turning on us even from the threshold of existence—the faint faltering accents, struggling in death, to give one more assurance of affection.  
Ay, go to the grave of a married love, and meditate! Then settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit, unrequited, every past endearment unrequited, of that departed being who can never—never—never return to be soothed by any contrition. If thou art a child, and have added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silver brow of affectionate parents—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused a fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, or spirit, that generosity confided in thee—if thou art a lover, and has ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart, which now lies cold and still to death's feet—be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on that grave, and utter the unheeded groan, and pour thy unavailing tears—more deep, more bitter, because unrequited, and less sweet, than ever.  
Then weave the chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave—console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret—but take warning by the bitterness of this contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duty towards the living.—[Washington Irving.]

### PRAYER.

How many persons are there who lift up their minds to God, and in the sincerity of their hearts pray openly unto God! How many, who lying on couches of down, drop away at night and fall asleep while thinking of worldly affairs, forgetting the author of their existence, and the provider of their luxuries. How many whom God has blessed, sink to rest without even the thought of prayer upon their mind, or the words of thanks on their lips. There are some who pray from fear, and others who pray with so little earnestness, that their thoughts are wandering while their lips are uttering some set prayer. During our every day life, we meet with adversity, and are checked and rebuked by those whom we thought friends; want may assail us, and slander may cause hearts which were warm towards us, and faces who were always a smile, to become cold and repulsive; or our faults may have been noticed, and the dark part of our character may have shown, but whatever it may be, where is confidence, hope, correction, faith and prosperity to be found, but in prayer? How few there are who, on bended knees, offer up their prayer to Heaven: how few, who if they do pray, but what think they have expiated their sins, by merely going through the form of prayer; how many who attend regular services on Sunday in body, are absent in spirit, and even pass the world's acceptance of the term, as honest men. But in the shallowness of mind, they deceive themselves, till, at last, they are taken away, and while lying on their death-bed, articulate their first and last prayer. Prayer should be taught to us, while we are infants, and the first impressions that a child's mind receives, should be that dependence on God, which can only be found by supplication and prayer. Is there not something beautiful in prayer? even the attitude there is something that makes us have a person whom we see praying. There is something touching in the evening Catholic prayer, when every one, in whatever place or situation, offers up to God their adoration. The following beautiful lines on Prayer, are extracted from the works of Tupper:

"Sorrow, thy thoughts are weak, they reach not the same  
Go to, for the mouth of a child might reach thee the mystery of prayer;  
MAN, regard thy prayers as a purpose of love to thy soul;  
Eternity the Providence that led to them as an index  
Of God's good will.  
So shalt thou pray aright, and thy words shall meet with acceptance.  
Also, in pleading for others, be thankful for the fitness of thy prayer;  
For if thou art ready to ask, the Lord is more ready to bestow."

MODERATION. "Let your moderation be known unto all men," says St. Paul, and it is undeniably true, as testified by human actions every hour, that no virtue has attractive beauty, except it be modified by the influence of other virtues, as "godliness" by the influence of "brotherly kindness" and "charity."

"CONSCIENCE is the eyelid which God has placed over the eye of the soul, to guard its holy crystal from an impurity."

## THE MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, JAN'Y 8, 1846.

**Probate Notices.** Those of our friends who have Probate Notices to publish, and would like to have them appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in the County of Kennebec, have only to signify the wish to the Judge of Probate.

**Job Work.** of all kinds, and as neatly executed, and on as reasonable terms, at the Farmer Office, as at any establishment in the State. Fancy jobs printed with all the different colored inks.

### NEW IMPORTATION OF SHEEP FROM SPAIN.

We understand that S. W. Jewett, of Weybridge, Vt., the owner of the celebrated Pauler Buck, Fortune, is about importing some of the best of the Spanish varieties of Merinoes into this country. These Vermonters have the "go ahead" to them. We glory in their enterprise. Indeed, we have always felt proud of their "spunk" ever since we read of old Col. Ethan Allen's taking Ticonderoga in the "name of the Great Jehovah and the continental Congress;" and we are glad to find, that, in these "piping times of peace," and there are no "Britishers" to fight, their courage centers upon Agriculture, and while other farmers in North New England are murdering their flocks, the sturdy Green Mountaineers are straining every nerve to improve and excel in theirs. We have received specimens of the wool from Fortune's fleece, which she shall put in our woolen Museum, at the Farmer Office, for the inspection of those who are curious in such matters. It is long, fine and silky. We hope that every success will attend Mr. Jewett in his endeavors to improve the flock of the country. Such benefactors ought to prosper, and we hope every fleece, will, in reality, become a golden one to him, more rich than the fabled one of old.

### ON COVERING CAST IRON VESSELS WITH ENAMEL.

We know that some of our acquaintances have tried several methods of covering cast iron vessels with enamel, and did not succeed very well. We believe that an establishment for this purpose was started, some years since, in Taunton, Massachusetts, but what success attended the enterprise we never learned.

The most perfect specimens of this kind of ware that we ever saw, came from the East Indies. The following process we find quoted from the Chemical Gazette, by the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.  
The vessels are to be cleaned as perfectly as possible, with weak sulphuric acid, then washed with cold water, and dipped in a thin paste made with quartz, first melted with borax and feldspar, and clay free from iron, then reduced to an impalpable powder, and sufficient water added to form a thin paste. These vessels are then powdered in the inside with a linen bag, containing a very finely powdered mixture of feldspar, carbonate of soda, borax, and a little oxide of tin.  
Nothing then remains but to dry the pieces, and heat them in an enameling furnace. The coating obtained is very white, resists acid or alkaline solutions.

### A ROOM UNDER WATER.

OR ROOSEVELT'S SUBMARINE EXPLORER.—The New York Farmer gives a cut and a description of an invention, by Mr. Roosevelt, for exploring depths under water. It consists of a large iron cylinder, made tight, of boiler iron. It has a tight bottom, and near the bottom convex windows with valves shutting inward, so that in case the glass is broken the rush of water will shut the valves and keep the room tight. Lamps are placed near the windows, and tubes rise to the top to let off the smoke and rarified air from the lamps.

This apparatus is suspended between two boats. These boats are made like one boat cut in two, length ways. It is so attached by gear work, that it can be raised up or down, or cant to one side or the other. In order to explore the "vasty deep," a man goes down within the tube, looks out of the windows, while the lamps afford him light to see what there is.  
A wag recommends to get up a Joint Stock Company to obtain one of these machines, and proceed to search the red sea for some of Pharaoh's old chariots and wagons, in order to carry them about for a show.

### KYANIZING TIMBER.

Some years ago, a Mr. Kyan, of England, invented a process of preserving timber that was to be exposed, from rotting. This he did by filling its pores with a solution of corrosive sublimate. This process is now called Kyanizing timber. A correspondent of the American Railroad Journal, states that the Taunton and New Bedford Railroad Company, in the year 1840, prepared 1700 spruce cross ties, 7 feet long and 6x6 inches square, in this way.  
Last summer, (1845) they were carefully inspected, and found to be perfectly sound. One of the sticks was taken up and split open and found to be in appearance like new wood. The spike holes were sound and the wood as elastic as on the first day the spikes were put in.  
Why would it not be a good plan to Kyanize the wood of carriages and farming implements? The sills of houses and barns might be preserved in this way. In 1843, the same correspondent observes, spruce timber was prepared in the same way with sulphate of copper, which is cheaper than corrosive sublimate. These last specimens have not yet been examined.

A PLEASANT PARTY. The parishoners and friends of Rev. Walter Foss, of North Leeds, in this county, held a donation party at their pastor's house, on New Year's day. Though the company was not large, it was pleasant and agreeable, and the liberality which they showed betokened the esteem and affection with which they were actuated.

An address was delivered at the church, by the Editor of this paper, and fine music was "discours'd" by the choir. After the exercises, the company sat down to an excellent collation, provided by the ladies, who, good souls, always know how to do up such things just right. The most interesting incident of the day, was the collecting together of the Pastor's family of children. We saw twelve of as fine, rugged, healthy, bright looking children, seated at the table with the parents as you will find anywhere in the world. There were 5 sons and 7 daughters, the oldest 19, the youngest a happy, laughing child in its mother's lap. That's the way to serve one's country in the right style. Better raise up a dozen, in peace, than kill off one by war.

DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE. Divisions or Lodges, of "Daughters of Temperance," have been organized in different parts of New York. This is good news, and we hope that there will be more of them formed in other States.

## FROM WASHINGTON.

[Correspondence of the Maine Farmer.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31, '45.

DEAR FARMER—I believe the seasons have changed ends, or else there has been some misplacement in the shaking out from the weather office. The winter in this section has been a southern winter with northern principles, if blue noses and cold fingers are any criterion.

Our members of Congress are not over busy except in the enjoyment of the festivities and good things of Christmas, of which they partake with all the zest of a school-boy who has got permission to be dismissed 'fore school's done. They have had some sparring in the Senate, a sort of wordy warfare on the subject of a war with England in order to prove our right to Oregon. Here, too, there seems to be a turn about as great as that in the seasons.

The hot and chivalric Southron is all for peace, while some of the north and west are full of fight. Never fear; the whole "friction" is all for "Bunkum"; a mere teasing on the political trumpet to rouse up friends in each section, not in martial array, but in ballot-box array by and by. Cass and Hannegan and Atchison are all looking ahead, laying out a scheme for self-glorification among their friends, through that never-failing and never-to-be-worn-out medium "the good of the people." Calhoun and Archer and Haywood and others are throwing oil upon the troubled waves, probably with the hope if they can keep them calm, they can themselves float more calmly into some desired haven or creek. Besides, isn't Texas annexed, and doesn't it strengthen their hands? Why then should they break their necks to get Oregon fastened, when the pioneers of that far off region have been so foolish as to discard the "patriarchal institution," and give any slaveholder due time to move his mortal chattels from the premises. Believe me, the great field of battle will be in Congress, and such a volley of airy missiles as will be discharged from time to time will be a caution to Bedlam.

In the House they have had up the resolutions that were sent in by the Legislature of Massachusetts, in regard to a full revision of the naturalization law. Several speeches were uttered on the subject. There can be no doubt that a revision ought to be had, but it will be difficult to meet all parties; indeed it will not be possible, some being strong for a total prohibition of foreigners from ever enjoying any of our political rights; some wishing to make them endure a probationary time of twenty-one years, and some requiring a less time. It is difficult to suit all the clashing opinions and interests on this question.

It would amuse you to see the crowd of crumb seekers, and to watch the faces, or rather phases of the faces, as circumstances vary, the chances for obtaining the particular crumb that is to fall from the President's thumb and finger. There has been some downright swearing since the last nominations by the President. Some of the disappointed expectants swore worse than the army in Flanders, and that was pretty hard you know, if Corporal Trim is any authority.

You have doubtless heard that a New England Society has been formed in Washington, consisting of natives of the Pilgrim country. They held their first celebration on forefather's day, or rather on forefather's evening, at the United States Hotel, and report saith they had a merry time. I regret to see that while the others of the old New England States were represented, no one was there to answer to Maine. This is too bad. Maine, the North Star of the Union, with her proud motto "Dirigo," ought not to be found wanting on such an occasion. Where were Evans and Fairfield and Hamlin and Severance and Sawtelle and others? They should have been there and answered to the call. Let not another occasion of the kind pass away without a son of Maine being on the spot to respond to the call, and to show them that though her hills are cold, there are warm hearts beating among them, and strong arms to cherish, to cultivate, or to defend.

I cannot promise to keep you advised of all the deeds of that industriously lazy body called Congress, but will occasionally give you some of the doings as well as undoings of these temporary magnates of the land.

Yours, &c. Q-IN-A-CORNER.

IMPORTANT FACT FOR ENGINEERS. It is found that paper on which engravings have been printed are liable to considerable shrinkage, so as to make measurements that have been laid down upon it, an uncertain scale to work by. In England, not long since, a railway chart was printed which gave the elevation according to the scale of the chart, 413 feet, while the actual level was 422 feet, and the plate itself from which the impression was taken, gave 422 feet. The chart was hung in a damp state, and it was found that the gravitation, or weight of it, prevented its horizontal shrinkage to be as great as the vertical. The Rail Road Journal says this contraction was found to be often equal to one in 40 and one in 36, or 3 feet in 200 in the longitudinal, and 5 feet in 200 in the vertical direction.

LIVING BY IRON. There are eighteen hundred persons connected with, and supported by, "Brady's bend iron works," so called, near Pittsburgh, Pa. Little else is manufactured here but rail road iron, for which there is a constant demand. Why not start up the manufacture of iron in Aroostook County, where there is an abundance of iron ore?

MUCH OBLIGED. We are under obligations to our kind and attentive Representative in Congress, Hon. L. SEVERANCE, for Lieut. Fremont's valuable report of explorations in the Oregon Territory, and many other documents. Also to Hon. C. SAWTELLE, for many papers and documents pertaining to national affairs.

ALBANY CULTIVATOR. The first number for the year 1846, has been received. This sterling work is still under the care of Luther Tucker, publisher and Editor, assisted by our old friend and Agricultural associate, Sanford Howard, and J. J. Thomas. As Robert B. Thomas used to say in his Almanac, it is full of "new, useful and entertaining matter." Among the embellishments is a steel engraving of a splendid native cow, owned by Mr. Donaldson, of Blithewood, Dutchess county, New York, which gave, in June, thirty-eight quarts of milk per day. Also a beautiful Gothic cottage, the residence of T. H. Hyatt Esq., of Rochester, New York. It is first rate, and when we get out of the saw dust line as he has, we mean to build one just like it, though we shall get further into the bush than he has. We should be happy to show this number to our friends, and if they want to subscribe, we shall also be happy to forward the names of as many as want a first rate monthly standard agricultural periodical.

We have not been able to obtain a report of the doings of the educational convention.

## MACHINE POETRY ADDRESS

OF THE CARRIER BOY OF

## THE MAINE FARMER.

JANUARY 1, 1846.

Scene—Maine Farmer Office. Time, near break of day. *Surveyor Devlin, a man, tinkering a Rhyme Grinder.*

Come, Russ, my boy, oil up the old machine. Screw the balance wheel on tight, and see that the hands are all right. We must grind out a New Year's Address, list or miss.

Aye, aye, sir. I'll fix it, but the old thing is too rickety to make rhyme or reason. I reckon 'twill burst up before you get through. Never mind. Set her agoing. Put the index on the touching and lofty. Open big, now.

Very well—here she goes:—  
Hail, Patrons, Hail! The Carrier Boy,  
With swelling heart, brimful of joy,  
Most humbly prays, each coming year  
Will bring you all, while tarrying here,  
Contentment, Health and Peace.

May Envy, Wars, and jarring Strife,  
And all the numerous ills of life,  
Continually decrease.  
True to his task, with rising sun,  
Laden with news, he's to you come;  
News, not of sect or party zeal,  
To raise up feuds he cannot heal,  
But peaceful in his kind;

And such as makes the people wise  
By noting all the schemes that rise  
For improvement of the mind.  
We've given rules to raise and use  
The different kinds of farm produce;  
All kinds of stock we've told about,  
And hogs with long or shortened snout,  
Those staid and lovely eaters.

We've studied hard in Nature's laws,  
And tried to find the hidden cause  
Of rot in all the tubers.  
Stop—stop—stop! I've getting vulgar.  
Well, darn the old thing, it's so worn down the index won't stay put.

Well, screw her up, then, to another notch.  
Let's have something dry and solid. Put it on to the Byron key, and give us a touch of Childs Harold.

Child's Harrow! I guess 'twill be a child's harrow.  
All ready, sir. Steady, now—slow and strong.

Once more I greet the Friends and Patrons dear,  
True to my task I'll rise the sun,  
Propitious omen of the coming year,  
Bright breaking forth from clouds of eastern morn.  
Like him, my mild and peaceful face I'd turn,  
A pleasing scene of varied love display,  
And strive to enrich the scrutinizing mind—  
To teach the changes of the eventful day,  
How kingdoms rise and fall, and nations pass away.

Hail to you all! Contentment, health and peace  
Be e'er attendant while on earth you live,  
May every year behold you still increase  
In all the joys which Freedom's sons receive,  
And every blessing which true virtue gives  
In copious showers upon you all descend;  
With no foul enemy be doom'd to strive,  
But God on high your liberties defend,  
Sheath every angry sword, make every foe a friend.

Many and fearful have the changes been  
Since your bright orb hath wheel'd its rapid flight.  
Since last we saw its burning course begin  
Another year, its clear and cheering light  
Hath looked on many a struggle. The fight  
Of Liberty still galls the Tyrant's flank;  
Her banners raised on high, in spite  
Of hellish leagues, waves proudly o'er the rank  
Of Freedom's valorous sons, whose souls have drank

Deep of the sacred fount whence —  
Hold on—hold on—that never'll do. It's too  
confounded dry, and fourth of Julyish too. Put  
a little Palm oil on the main gudgeon, and unscrew a little, so as to make it work free and  
easy, and set the index so as to give us the sentimental licks in a real Walter Scott canter.

Don't believe it will stick there, it's wore away so.  
Never mind—let her slide.

Well, there she is, all up "tort": crack ahead—  
she'll go like a hand organ. Stand back. If  
she should fly, the splinters will hit you.

Most noble Patrons, one and all,  
We once again your attention call  
To the passing time, which, like the wind,  
Swift passes off, nor leaves behind  
A single trace by which to mark  
The progress of life's little bark.

'Tis here—'tis past—thus years speed on,  
To swell the list of ages gone,  
And we, like bubbles, mist or spray,  
Rise, glitter, burst and pass away.  
Thus years speed on. Well, let them fly  
Fast as old time can hurry by,  
Who surely has but little need  
Of Railroads laid to help his speed.

Friends, neighbors, Patrons, far and near,  
We wish you all a happy year.  
One happy year? My more,  
We wish you all a half a score,  
Contented hearts, wise heads, good health,  
Industrious hands, sufficient wealth,  
That poverty may be no barrier  
To pay the poor MAINE FARMER CARRIER,  
Who certainly is quite unwilling  
To be sent off without a SHILLING;  
And surely Sir, you will admit  
We faithfully have earned it.

For every week, blow high, blow low,  
We through the streets are forced to go,  
That you the earliest news may get  
From this our goodly Folio Sheet.  
And now kind Sirs, pray do not stop  
To change a quarter for a fourp,  
But doze the whole without a grudging,  
That we may on our course be trading.  
But should you feel somewhat nervous,  
And are you pray, be ever curious  
To know what goodly things we've done  
Since first our paper was begun,  
We'll tell you in a trice, our ditty,  
And then be joggling through your city.  
You know full well, if not, you ought to,  
That since we've changed our form from quarto,  
We give you more and nicer matter,  
And further, wider scatter  
More sage advice in one short week,  
Than ever came from heathen Greek,  
And they you know, in ancient time,  
Were fathers of the real sublime.  
We tell the Farmers how to raise  
Corn, wheat and barley, beans and peas,  
Where they can get the best of seed,  
And cattle of the finest breeds—  
Of Berkshire hogs and Durham cows,  
Of Cotswold hogs, and Mackay sows,  
Of Morgan horses, Pauler keeps,  
Such as the Jewetts in Vermont keep.  
We stories tell, and court the muse,  
And give you all the Congress news,  
And bring their quarrels all to view,  
That you may see—crack!—snap!  
Boo, woo, woo, roo, roo, oo—

There she goes to thunder! The band is off  
and the chain's broke. I knew if you meddled  
with Congress she'd burst as bad as they do.

Never mind: let her go: Boss will get a new  
one in the spring.  
[Exit Devlin in a real STAMPEDE.]

## SONS OF TEMPERANCE. The Officers of Franklin Division No. 2, are as follows: J. H. Hartford, W. P.; B. Stackpole, W. A.; J. M. Whitford, R. S.; N. D. Stanwood, A. R. S.; E. Smith, F. S.; T. Wadsworth, T. E. H. W. Smith, C.; S. Arnold, A. C.; — Pettegill, I. S.; E. Packard, O. S.

Oroon Division No. 10, have chosen the following Officers for the current quarter: A. G. Brown, W. P.; Rev. C. Munger, W. A.; N. Wilson, Esq., R. S.; J. A. Mayhew, A. R. S.; L. R. Weeks, F. S.; M. Emerson, T.; J. Spaulding, C.; J. T. Barton, A. C.; S. Abbott, I. S.; A. M. Colburn, O. S.

An application has been made from Frankfort, for a Charter for a new Division.

NEW POST OFFICE. There has been a post office established at West Freeman, Franklin County, Me., and Enoch Craig appointed Post Master. The post office at North Freeman has been discontinued.

HAYTI.—Jealousy of foreigners, and of whites in particular, is singularly manifested in the present government of Hayti. At the last dates, the President Pierrot had issued a proclamation, by which it was decreed—First that any Haytian being convicted of accepting the protection of a foreign Consul, or of having been naturalized in a foreign country, should be ordered to quit the island in twenty-four hours, his personal property confiscated, and his real estate distributed among his heirs, and second, that every Haytian woman who should marry a foreigner, should forfeit the rights of citizenship—should be deprived of the right of holding property, and her children be declared foreigners; but an exception was especially made in behalf of Haytian women living with whites, to whom and to whose illegitimate children, these penalties do not attach.  
Strange exception! resulting from the fact, that Etats Unis, which punishes the wife united to the sacred bond of marriage to the foreigner, and which recompenses her who gives herself up to the white man in libertinism.

FATAL AND DISTRESSING ACCIDENT. A fatal accident occurred in this city, on Christmas morning, which resulted in the death of Mrs. C. A. McBane. This lady, with her husband and child, occupied rooms at Bradley's Hotel, Main street. When the bell rang for breakfast in the morning, not being ready to go down, she remained behind for a few moments for the purpose of dressing her child. Groans being heard from her room her husband returned and found his wife lying on the floor shockingly burned, and in a helpless condition. She lived in a state of great suffering till six o'clock in the evening. She was able to tell her friends that she went to the fire-place to reach an article from the shelf; that her clothes were drawn by the draft into the blaze, and while endeavoring to extinguish the fire she fell senseless. Mrs. McBane was an amiable and interesting lady, and daughter of Mrs. Benson, of Palmyra.  
[Rochester Democrat.]

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—FIFTY LIVES LOST. On the night of the 18th, says the New Orleans Picayune, of the 24th, the steamboat Belle Zane, Capt. Brazier, while on her way from Zanesville, Ohio, to this city, struck a snag, about 12 miles below the mouth of the White River, on the Mississippi, and immediately turned bottom up. It was about 12 o'clock when the accident occurred, and the night was bitter cold. Out of some 90 souls on board at the time, upwards of 50 perished by this terrible accident, some of the unfortunate victims only escaping by being drowned to freeze to death after reaching the shore. At the time of the disaster of course the passengers were all asleep in their berths, and so suddenly did the boat career and go over, that such as made out to release themselves were only able to snatch a blanket or counterpane from their beds. Sixteen passengers were picked up on different points of the Arkansas side nearly frozen to death, the cold being so intense.

CURIOUS OCCURRENCE. I have just heard a strange story about the slave Spiffire, sold at Boston, and since fitted up by Capt. Taylor for submarine exploration, and which is expected at this city in a few days. Experiments were being made upon the brig Canton, which was sunk in the Chesapeake a short time since by being run into by the steamer Georgia. A man had gone down into the steerage, and collected what things he thought he could bring up with him. As he turned around to get out, what was his astonishment to find that a dead man stood in the entrance, with arms spread out as if he would say, "You must not come this way." The body was that of a man who had been lost in the wreck, and whose swollen corpse naturally rose when something which held it down had been removed by the explorer on entering. When the body got pushed out of the entrance to the steerage, it shot up a distance of some sixty feet from the wreck to the surface, astonishing the crew above almost as much as it did the poor fellow who first saw it below. [Washington Cor. of the N. Y. Tribune.]

AFFLICTING ACCIDENT. We learn that a young girl, about twelve years of age, named Susan Bump, of Bridgewater, was accidentally killed on Sunday last by her brother. He took up the gun, supposing it was unloaded, aimed and discharged, uttering the exclamation—O! you have shot me, it after the exclamation—O! you have shot me.

NAVAL. Commodore George C. Read left Philadelphia on Wednesday to proceed to Boston to hoist his broad pennant on board of the frigate Cumberland, as Commander in Chief of the squadron which is to cruise for a time on the coast of Africa, and then the Mediterranean.  
U. S. sloop of war Marston arrived at Port Pray, Cape de Verdes, 12th ult, and sailed 15th for leeward coast.  
U. S. ship Saratoga was spoken on the 11th ult, on a cruise, lat 25, lon 80.

A clumsy young man wrote to his friends in the country that he was about to try the stage for a livelihood, and was coming out on Thursday night. He hoped they would lend him all the assistance in their power. He received, in answer, a warm great coat, several pairs of thick stockings, a long horsewhip, and a pair of leather gloves, with a letter, containing some information about horses, and a charge not to drive fast down hill, as the roads were very slippery, and that as he was coming out in the evening, the family would be sure to sit up for him.

The License Law Case at Washington. We learn that A. Huntington, Esq., of Salem, started for Washington yesterday, to argue the case of Commonwealth of Massachusetts vs. Thurlow, in the U. S. Supreme Court, it having been assigned for next week. It is a case of the greatest importance to the interests of this State, as well as of most every other State in the Union. It is decided that the present law is unconstitutional, no law in the least regulating, i. e. restricting the sale of spirituous liquors, will be constitutional, and the traffickers in liquid poison will set up their booths at every corner of the streets. But we suspect there is little fear of such a result, as it was well understood that a majority of the Court last winter favored the Law, and the new incumbent is said to be a believer in its constitutionality. The counsel in the case are, A. Huntington and John Davis for the Commonwealth; Daniel Webster and Benjamin F. Hallett, for Defendant.  
[Danvers Courier.]

AFFLICTING. On Friday last week, Mr. and Mrs. Crouch, of Italy Hill, left home with an infant, to visit some relatives in Jerusalem. It being a very cold day they bundled up very warm. On arriving at their friends, the young mother commenced telling how "very quiet" the baby was during the whole ride, but her feelings were changed, when she learned the cause of its quietness. On uncovering it she beheld her infant a corpse, having been undoubtedly smothered.—[Penn Yan Democrat.]

## DOINGS OF CONGRESS.

MONDAY, Dec. 30.

IN SENATE, Mr. McDuffie presented a memorial from the chamber of commerce and merchants of Charleston, S. C., asking the establishment of a branch mint in that city.  
Mr. Cass submitted a resolution that the committee on military affairs be instructed to inquire into the expediency of constructing a ship canal around the falls of the Sault St. Marie, for the protection of the northern frontier.  
Mr. Hannegan submitted a series of resolutions, declaring that all the region west of the Rocky Mountains, lying between 42° and 54° 40' min., belonged to the United States; that there was no power in the government to alienate any portion of this territory, and that such a step would be an abandonment of the protection due to our citizens, &c.; the resolutions lie one day.

The bills reported by Mr. Benton, of the military committee, for reviving the office of one of the inspectors general of the army, and for establishing a corps of sappers, miners and pontoniers, were passed.

Mr. Haywood from the committee on commerce, reported a bill to make Silverton a port of entry, give the collector \$3000 per annum, and five surveyors each \$1000. The bill by unanimous consent was passed.

A message was received from the House stating that the President had signed the joint resolutions for the admission of Texas.

Several messages were received from the President, all of an executive character. The Senate then went into executive session.

IN THE HOUSE, Mr. Hunt spoke an hour upon the subject of nativism, the resolutions of the State of Massachusetts being under consideration.

The bill from the Senate constituting Texas a revenue district was taken up and passed.

The Washington Union of Monday has the following paragraph:—  
"The National Intelligencer republishes a statement from the New York News, reported from Washington, to the effect that a settlement of the Oregon boundary question had been concluded in London between the British government and Mr. McLane, on the basis of the 49th degree, the proposition having come from the former." As we are at present advised, this report is not correct. Other rumors are afloat in the papers, touching the same subject, which are equally destitute of foundation.

The Washington correspondent of the Courier and Enquirer, writing on Monday night, says:—  
"The President sent to the Senate to-day a large number of nominations for office than was ever before transmitted to that body at one time. They were nominations of collectors and



## The Muse.

[From the Democratic Review for Dec.]  
THE LUMBERMEN.  
BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Comrades! round our woodland quarters  
Sad-voiced Autumn grieves;  
Thickly down these swarming waters  
Floats the fallen leaves.

Through the tall and naked timber,  
Column-like and old,  
Gleam the sunsets of November,  
With their skies of gold.

O'er us, the South land heading,  
Streams the gray wild-geese;  
On the night-frost sounds the treading  
Of the steady moose.

Fast the streams with ice are closing,  
Colder grows the sky,  
Soon on lake and river freezes  
Shall our log-piles lie.

When, with sounds of another thunder,  
On some night of rain,  
Lake and river break asunder  
Winter's weakened chain.

Down the wild March flood shall bear them  
To the ever-miles wheel,  
Or where Steam, the slave, shall tear them  
With his teeth of steel.

Be it straight, be it moonlight,  
In these tales below,  
When the earliest beam of sunlight  
Streaks the mountain's snow,

Crisps the hoar-frost keen and early  
To our hurrying feet,  
And the forest echoes clearly  
All our blows repeat.

When the crystal Ambiguities  
Stretch broad and clear,  
And Millbrook's pine black ridges  
Hide the browsing deer;

Where, through lakes and wild morasses,  
Or through rocky walls,  
Swift and strong Penobscot passes,  
White with foamy falls;

Where, through clouds, are glimpses given  
Of Katahdin's side,  
Rock and forest piled to heaven,  
Turn and plunged by slides!

Far below the Indian trapping  
In the sunshine warm,  
Far above the snow cloud wrapping  
Half the peak in storm!

Where are mossy carpets better  
Than the Persian weaves,  
And, than Eastern perfumes, sweeter  
Seen the fading leaves;

And the music, wild and solemn,  
From the pine tree's height,  
Rolls its vast and sea-like volume  
On the wind of night;

Make us here our camp of Winter;  
And through sleep and snow  
Pitch our hut and beechen splinter  
On our hearts shall glow.

Here, with birth to lightning duty,  
We shall lack alone,  
Woman with her smile of beauty,  
And her gentle tone.

But, her heart is brightly burning  
For our work to-day,  
And her welcome at returning  
Shall our loss repay.

Strike, then, comrades! Trade is waiting  
On our rugged toil,  
Far ships waiting for the freighting  
Of our woodlands' spoil!

Ships, whose traffic links those highlands  
Bleak and cold of ours  
With the citron-planted islands  
Of a clime of flowers;

To our forest the tribute bringing  
Of eternal heat,  
In our lot of Winter flinging  
Tropic fruits and sweets.

Cheerly on the face of labor  
Let the sunbeam dance,  
Better than the flash of satire  
Or the gleam of lance.

Strike! With every blow is given  
Freer sun and sky,  
And the long-bird ear to Heaven  
Looks with wondering eye.

softness and transparency, assimilated her more to the Creole race. Her features were not regular nor handsome in themselves, but they were lighted up with animation and intellect, and illuminated by such large, splendid black eyes, that it would be difficult for the most fastidious connoisseur of female beauty to have judged them with any severity of criticism. From the bow, on which she partly leaned, the quiver suspended over her shoulder, the wild grace of her attitude, and the darkness of her complexion, she might have been mistaken for one of those daughters of the forest, which American genius has so often glowingly described.

"That will do, Dudley," said she, playfully snatching the arrow, and fitting it to her bow; "better reserve some of your skill to fledge your own arrows, for you know I can shoot like Robin Hood himself."

The young man laughed, and the trial of skill commenced. They shot alternately, and scarcely had the gleaming arrow darted from the string than they each pursued its flight over the lawn, striving for the glory of first reaching the fallen missile. At last the young girl hit the target in the very centre, and Mr. Horton pronounced her the victor.

"You must surrender, Dudley," said he, "there is no disgrace in yielding to Effie—as swift a foot, as true an eye, and as steady a hand."

"And as warm a heart," interrupted she, approaching him, with a cheek to which exercise had given a color, like the coral under the wave, and seating herself on the grass at his feet. "But what shall be my reward, dear uncle? In the merry days of the Lion-hearted King, the victor always received some trophy of his skill or valor."

While she was speaking, Dudley had been gathering some of the flowers and perennial leaves of the shrubbery, and woven them into a rustic garland, which, sportively kneeling, he placed upon her brow.

"I suppose, if I were versed in the language of chivalry," said the youth, "I should address you as the queen of love and beauty."

"Beauty!" repeated Effie, with a laugh that made the green leaves ring. "What would my mother and Clara say if they heard such an appellation given to their ugly Effie? You needn't look so mockingly, Dudley, for you may ask my uncle, if, four years ago, I wasn't the ugliest little gypsy he ever beheld."

"You have, indeed, changed most marvelously," replied he, passing his hand caressingly over the head that rested against his knee; "and you may thank the daily exercise in the open air, which you have been compelled to take, for its invigorating and beautifying influence."

"I may thank, rather, the parental tenderness, the kindness, and the care, that have been poured like balm into a bruised and wounded heart, healing and purifying it, and changing, as it were, the very life-blood in my veins!" exclaimed Effie, in her peculiarly impassioned manner. "Do you remember the night when you found me under the sycamore tree, and called me your own darling Effie? From that moment I date a new existence—from that moment life became dear to me, and oh! how dear, how very dear it has been to me since!"

Mr. Horton looked down upon her with glancing eyes, and blessed his God that it had been his destiny to appropriate such rich treasures of intellect and sensibility, and as he looked on the fair lands stretching around him, far as the eye could reach, blessed him again, that he could now leave one behind him who was worthy to be the mistress of those beautiful possessions.

There was another pair of brighter, younger eyes, looking down upon her, and wondering if it were possible that she had ever been called the "ugly Effie." Perhaps she read his thoughts, for she smilingly said—

"I wish you could see my sister Clara."

"Why?"

"Because she is so exquisitely fair—so faultlessly beautiful."

"I do not like faultless beauties," replied he; "they are always insipid. I do not like blondes—they have no expression. I like to see a face that changes with the changing feelings—now dark, now bright, like the heavens bending above us."

"Do you think your mother and sister would know you, Effie?" asked Mr. Horton.

"I do not think they would," she replied, "for I sometimes hardly recognize myself. I should like to see them as a stranger, to see what impressions I might make. When shall I see them dear uncle? Something whispers me I may yet be blest with a mother's and a sister's love."

"Are you not happy with me? Do you wish to leave me Effie?"

"Never!—I want no other home than this—But in looking back I blame myself so much for the sullen and vindictive feelings I once dared to cherish. I tried so little to deserve the love which was not spontaneously bestowed, I long to prove to them that I am now not utterly unworthy of their regard."

"I honor your wishes," said Mr. Horton, kindly. "And when we return from Europe, they shall be gratified. Two years will soon pass away. You will then have acquired all the advantages of travelling in classic lands. Dudley will have completed his education in the German universities, and in the freshness of transatlantic graces, can present himself to your fair sister whose beauty you are so anxious he should admire."

Dudley began to reiterate his detestation of blondes, but Mr. Horton interrupted him to discuss more important matters.

casual letters to his sister, and received from her cold and brief replies. She expatiated chiefly on Clara's extraordinary beauty, and lamented her limited means, to introduce her to the world as she would wish—hoped that Effie was improving, but declared her readiness to take her home, whenever her uncle was disgusted or weary of his charge. Mr. Horton never made known to her the astonishing improvement in Effie's appearance, for he wanted to dazzle her some day with the sudden lustre of the gem she had thrown from her heart. He always mentioned her in vague terms, expressed his general satisfaction in her good conduct, and approbation of her studious habits. "As nature did not make her a beauty," said he, "I intend she shall be a scholar, and no fear of her being called a *bas bleu*, shall prevent me from giving her a thoroughly classical education. She is already familiar with Greek and Latin, and during our European travels, she shall become mistress of all the modern languages."

"Oh! there is nothing so disgusting as a pedantic woman!" exclaimed Clara, with a shudder, as her mother finished the perusal of the letter. "I know French and Italian enough to sing all the fashionable songs and repeat all the common quotations, and that is all a young lady requires. As for Greek and Latin, I detest their very idea. But poor Effie needs something to distinguish her, even besides her uncle's fortune. I wonder if she is as ugly as ever. I should really like to see her."

"So should I," replied Mrs. Dushane, with an involuntary sigh, for there were moments when nature spoke in her heart, and she had become convinced, from her own fatal experience, that there were other qualities necessary in a daughter besides personal beauty. There were times "when the whole head was sick, and the whole heart faint," when she would have welcomed a filial hand to bathe her temples or hold her aching brow, even though it were the hand of her neglected child. There were times when the rebellious will, the selfish vanity, the careless disrespect, or bold defiance of the spoiled favorite, made her feel as if Heaven's retribution might be felt in this world. At others, when she saw her caressed and admired, and heard herself envied as the mother of such a paragon, she tried to convince herself that disobedience and ill-manner were only slight flaws in this matchless diamond, which it would be invidious to dwell upon. She had had no communication with her brother during his residence in Europe, and believing that all intercourse with him would now probably cease, and that there was no hope of his substituting Clara for Effie, she became more and more anxious to secure for the former an establishment worthy of her charms. Clara was now before the world as an acknowledged belle, occupying that place in society for which she had been solely calculated, and which she had been made to believe a part of her birthright.

One evening Mrs. Dushane, accompanied her daughter to the house of a lady who, being a great amateur in music, was very fond of giving concerts. Clara, as a beauty, and a brilliant performer, was always invited. This evening, the lady told Clara to look her prettiest, and do her prettiest, as a young lady was to be present—a stranger, just arrived in town—who was said to have most remarkable and fascinating accomplishments. Clara's vain and eager eye ran over the crowd, in search of one who would have the hardness to rival her. She had scarcely assured herself that there were none but familiar faces around her, when the lady of the house approached and begged permission to introduce her to Miss Horton, the young lady whose coming she had announced. The company fell back as the hostess led Clara and her mother through the folding doors to the centre of another apartment, where a young lady stood beneath the full blaze of the chandeliers, leaning on the arm of a young and distinguished looking stranger. Clara gazed intently on the form of this rival beauty, and a feeling of relieved self-complacency dimpled the roses of her cheeks. Those on whom nature has lavished her living lilies and carnations, are very apt to depreciate the charms of those whose pretensions to loveliness are based on other attributes than mere beauty of complexion. That of the young stranger was what Clara called dark, and it might have appeared so, contrasted with the dazzling whiteness of her own, but it had that oriental delicacy and transparency so seldom found except in eastern climes. Her eyes were so dark and resplendent that their brightness would have been almost overpowering had they not been softened by long sweeping lashes, of the same jetty hue as her luxuriant and shining hair. Her figure was exquisite in repose, and from its waving outline promised that grace of motion, which is more pleasing than beauty itself. There was nothing conspicuous in her dress save a small diamond star that sparkled amid the darkness of her tresses, like a lone planet on 'night's ebony brow.' The gentleman on whose arm she leaned, ah

"Not his form, not his eye," "That youthful maidens would fly to."

Clara marked him as her victim, and met his exceedingly earnest gaze with a glance of soft allurements. The young lady, whose air and appearance betrayed familiarity with the most elegant and fashionable society, nevertheless manifested no small degree of embarrassment while passing through the customary forms of introduction. She colored deeply, and her eyes were bent down with an expression of modesty and humility entirely unexpected from her previous bearing.

"Horton!" repeated Mrs. Dushane, when her name was announced: "I have a brother of that name now in Europe. It is a long time since I have seen him, however," she added, with a sigh.

"Then I hope you will have pleasant associations connected with me, madam," said Miss Horton, in a sweet, low voice.

Mrs. Dushane, who was prepared to wage warfare with one who might rival her daughter, could not help feeling the charm of such affability and sweetness. She wondered who the Mr. Horton was who accompanied her, but notwithstanding his juxtaposition with the attractive stranger, she could not but hope that he was the rich and distinguished individual Heaven had destined for her favorite child.

Musical was the order of the evening, and Clara was led to the piano, Miss Horton declining to play first. Being from early childhood accustomed to sing and play in public, she had no faltering of modesty, to mar the brilliancy of her execution. She sang and played as she did every thing else, for effect—and it was generally such as the most exacting vanity could desire. Mr. Alston and Miss Horton stood near her and evinced, by their silent attention, the most flattering interest in the beautiful songster.

"And now, Miss Horton," cried the impatient hostess—and "Miss Horton" passed from mouth to mouth, as the circle pressed and narrowed around her—"Perhaps Miss Horton would prefer the harp?"

"She was more accustomed to the harp," she replied, and a splendid instrument was drawn towards her.

Clara was no proficient on the harp, having, in a fit of obstinacy, given up her lessons, because the chords thrilled her delicate fingers. She felt a thrill of envy, as she beheld Miss Horton set herself gracefully before the lyre, such as the "shepherd monarch once swept," and pass her white hands over the strings. At first her touch was soft, and her voice low, and she looked at Clara, as if deprecating her criticism; but, after a while, looked at no one—she thought of nothing but the spirit of music that filled her soul, thrilled through her nerves, flowed in her veins, and burned upon her cheek. There was no affectation in her manner—there was enthusiasm, sensibility, fire—but it was the fire from within, illuminating the temple, which its intensity sometimes threatened to destroy. It is true, she once or twice raised her glorious black eyes to Heaven, but it was because music naturally lifted her thoughts to Heaven, and her glance followed its inspiration.

"Are you not weary?" asked Clara, after she had again and again yielded to the entreaties of her auditors to give them another and yet another strain.

"No," answered she, rising; "but I must not forget that others may be, notwithstanding their apparent sympathy with an enthusiast like myself."

"Oh! Mr. Delamere," cried Clara, addressing a pale, pensive, and intellectual gentleman, who had stood, as if spell-bound, by the harp, "do not look so reproachfully at me; I did not think of putting a stop to your ecstasy."

"You are right," said he, drawing a deep inspiration, "I was forgetting the mortal in the immortal!"

"Oh! that we all, and always could!" exclaimed Miss Horton; "but those who speak of immortality in a scene like this, must be singularly bold."

"Perhaps it would be more in keeping by that window, which looks out upon the magnificence of an evening sky," answered Mr. Delamere, with a smile so winning, she could not but yield to the invitation; and seated in a curtained embrasure, which admitted the fresh night breeze, she soon found she was with a companion to whom she was not ashamed to communicate her most glowing thoughts, for she "received her own wish with usury."—He had travelled over many lands—over the countries from which she had just returned—and she felt as if she heard once more the song of the Alpine peasant, the rich strains of the Italian improvisatore, or beheld again the sublime and storied scenes so vividly impressed upon her memory. But, at times her abstracted eye told of other subjects of contemplation. She thought of the mother whose unkindness had embittered her childhood, now smiling unconsciously on her neglected offspring, and she longed to throw herself on her neck, and ask her to forget the past, and welcome back her no longer ugly Effie. She looked at her sister, on whose angelic face evil passions had left no more trace than the rough bark on the glassy wave, and forgetting the scorn and contumely she had heaped upon her in the first dark portion of her life, she yearned to embrace her, own those smiling lips, and call her by the sweet name of sister.

"Not yet," said she to herself; "I have promised my uncle to shine before them a little while, at least till I have won their admiration as a stranger, and triumphed as another, ere I allow them to recognize in me the hated and ugly Effie."

Surprised at her silence, Mr. Delamere watched her thoughtful varying countenance with an interest that surprised himself. His early history was romantic. In the very dawn of manhood, he had formed an attachment for a fragile and lovely young creature, who expired suddenly on the very morning of her nuptial day, and whose white bridal wreath was placed upon the shroud that mantled her virgin bosom. Delamere, in the anguish of so awful a bereavement, secluded himself from the world, which, to him, seemed covered with a funeral pall, and devoted himself to the memory of the dead. But, at length, the solicitations of friendship, the energies of youth, and the strong necessity of social life, drew him back to the scenes which he had once frequented, chastened by sorrow, enriched by experience, the history of the past written on his pallid cheek, and speaking from his pensive eye. No wonder that the music of Effie's voice had thrilled through a heart whose strings had once been so rudely broken. He felt for the young songstress a most painful interest, for he saw she was one born to feel and to suffer; for when were deep feeling and suffering ever dissipated?

"Is not Clara beautiful, Dudley?" asked Effie, the morning after the sisters met. "Is she not beautiful as the dreams of imagination?"

"She is, indeed, most exquisitely fair," answered he; "she has almost conquered my prejudices against blondes. But she is no more to be compared to you, Effie, than a clear, cloudless day is to a starry, resplendent night."

"Then walk in beauty, like the night Of cloudless skies and starry skies."

"Don't flatter me, Dudley," cried she, impatiently; "I know its exact value, which few girls, as young as myself, can say. Let there be nothing but truth and sincerity between us. Now is the time to prove whether the love you bear me is the result of habit and association, or that passion which would have selected me for its object, though we had been heretofore sundered as far as from pole to pole. Unfortunately, my uncle's wishes are known to both of us, revealed in an unguarded moment. To me, I acknowledge his slightest wish is a law, and you know my heart has not murmured at his will."

She blushed, and averted her eyes, which she was conscious expressed in still stronger language the feelings she was uttering.

"What is it you mean?" exclaimed he vehemently. "Do you doubt my truth and constancy, when, from the first moment I beheld you, I have scarcely had a thought or wish, which I have not entwined with you? You were the star of my boyhood, you are the cynosure of my manhood, and age will bring no change. No, it is for me to doubt; not you, Effie."

While this conversation was passing between them at the hotel, where Mr. Horton had put up, inco, for the purpose already explained, Mrs. Dushane and Clara were expatiating on the young stranger who had flashed across their path the preceding evening.

"I do not think her really handsome, mother," said Clara; "she is not fair enough for that. She reminded me of some one whom I have seen before, but I cannot think who it is."

"It is the same case with me," said her mother; "I have been trying to think who she is like, but in vain. She certainly created a great sensation, and she was very affable and polite to me. How I wish you had not given up the harp, Clara. It's a thousand times more graceful an instrument than the piano. It was nothing but your waywardness. I told you you would repent of it some day."

"If I did play on the harp," said Clara, pettishly, "I wouldn't put myself in such ecstasies at my own music, as she did. I don't believe Mr. Alston admires her singing much, for he talked to me almost the whole time."

"Yes, because you talked to him. But, seriously, Clara, he is a fine looking young man, and

may be very rich. You had better try to captivate him, even if he is already captivated by Miss Horton. How familiar that name does sound! We must invite them to our house—make a party for them—for they evidently are persons of distinction."

"Not a musical party, mother. One good thing, however, we have no harp here."

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

**CARPENTER & CO'S**  
**Kennebec and Boston Express.**  
**Winter Arrangement.**

THE subscribers take this method to inform the public that they have commenced running a **WINTER EXPRESS** from Augusta to Portland, and thence by rail-road to Boston.

One of the parties will leave Augusta on Monday morning of every week, and devote his personal attention to the transmission and delivery of bundles and packages, the collection of notes, drafts and bills, and the purchase and sale of merchandise.

Returning, will leave Portland on Thursday, and reach Augusta on Friday. They have a team which will leave Augusta every Monday and Tuesday morning for Portland, and returning, will leave Portland for Augusta, and the intermediate towns, every Tuesday and Friday, for the purpose of transporting heavy articles of merchandise.

They have established an Agency at Brunswick, to receive and forward from that point merchandise, &c. can be forwarded to and from Bath.

To prevent miscarriage, all articles intended for this conveyance should be distinctly marked.

**"CARPENTER & CO'S EXPRESS."**  
Offices and Agents.—**EDWARD FENNO, No. 51 Arch Row, Augusta; GLAZIER, MASTERS & SMITH, Hallowell; HENRY SMITH & Co., Gardiner; J. M. BERRY, (Stage House), Brunswick; G. W. KENDALL, Bath; R. W. PRAY, Waterville; JOHN R. HALL, No. 8, Court Street, Boston.**

**G. S. CARPENTER, Proprietors.**  
**W. B. HASELTINE, Agents.**  
Augusta, Dec. 5, 1845. 62

**He is the True Philanthropist.**  
WHO seeks to alleviate and relieve human suffering, whether the disease be physical or moral; and if any one in community is deserving of gratitude, it is he. You may show your good feelings to such an one, as also your self respect and love of health—which surely are valuable possessions—by reading and diffusing the knowledge of and using **JONES' DROPS FOR HUMORS**, one of the best medicines that has ever been discovered for the cure of all eruptive diseases, and successful beyond a parallel, in the cure of *Salt Rheum, Scrofula, St. Anthony's Fire or Erysipelas, Leprosy or White Scell, Tetor or Ringworm, Psoriasis, and all humors, internal or external.*

This medicine is recommended by the highest authorities for such affections, if only timely, patiently and perseveringly used. It is not a quick medicine, nor is it in any degree a humbug; but truly a remedy to be desired by all who are afflicted with any of the above named complaints, and a cure as certain as any curative in the hands of man. Will you not then, friends, who are suffering, avail yourselves of this remedy, and also benefit the proprietor, by using the means so judiciously placed in our way.

For sale by J. E. Ladd, and Horace Water, No. 1, Augusta; H. J. Seiden & Co. Hallowell; H. Smith & Co. Gardiner; William Dyer, Waterville; O. W. Washburn, China; A. H. Abbott, South China; and by many other agents in various towns in this and the adjoining States.

Augusta, Nov. 13, 1845. 146

**Bommer's Method of Making Manure.**  
THE subscriber has been appointed agent of this new and useful improvement for the State of Maine, and is now prepared to sell individuals, Town or County rights. The cheapness and expedition with which large bodies of manure may be produced by this method render it invaluable to the farmer. To facilitate a more general introduction of this important accession to the farmer's stock, it is proposed to sell County or Town rights to enterprising individuals or companies, on such terms as cannot fail to render it a profitable business. The method has been tested by many farmers in this and other States, in every case, where the directions were properly observed, the results have proved most satisfactory. Mr. SAMUEL DAVIS of Bowdoinham, has been appointed Agent for the County of Lincoln, and Mr. EDWARD ROBINSON of Vassalboro, for the County of Kennebec.

The other counties may be secured by application to me (post paid) and directed to me at Portland.

August 11, 1845. **EZEKIEL HOOLE, 034**

**Clothing.**  
GENTLEMEN in want of **Gentle Clothing**, will find it to their advantage to call on

Oct. 8. 42 **CALDWELL & CO.**

**WINDOW GLASS.** 2000 feet, various sizes, for sale low by

**American Metallic Lustre!**  
A NEW and valuable article for household uses, unrivalled for the facility with which it removes grease, tar, or spots of every kind, from the surface of metals, and for the beautiful and brilliant polish it restores.

In composition entirely new, and different from any Lustre ever before offered to the public, and superior to the best.

It may be had in any quantity at the crockery ware store of R. PARTRIDGE, two doors north of the Granite Bank, Water Street, SAMUEL E. JETT, Agent for the State.

Augusta, Nov., 1845.

**Window Glass.**  
THE subscriber, agent for the Clyde Glass Works, offers for sale, upon better terms than can be purchased upon the river, a large assortment of all sizes of Glass, Lake, Cylinder, and Window Glass. Clyde Crown, a superior article, will be furnished to order on reasonable terms. Purchasers are invited to examine this glass before purchasing, as the above will be sold at the lowest rates.

H. W. FAIRBANKS, No. 4, Phoenix Buildings, Water street.

Augusta, October 16, 1845. 42

**Copper and Brass Founder,**  
A few doors South of Market Square, Augusta, Me.

THE subscriber informs the public that he continues to

**Copper and Brass Work,**  
Of every description, viz:

Copper Heaters for Tanneries, Steam Pipe, Clothier's, Hatter's and Dyer's Kettles, Wash and Brick Work Boilers, Suction Pumps, Gutters and Tanks, &c. &c. Also Brass Castings of every description, and Plumbing generally. All the above will be furnished to order, at short notice, at Boston prices, and in the best manner. He returns thanks for past favors, and hereafter hopes to receive a liberal share of patronage from those who are in want of Copper-work. The smallest favors judiciously received and gratefully acknowledged. **EDMUND D. NORCROSS,** Augusta, Sept. 25, 1845. 39

**Temperance! Temperance!!**  
WHERE are all the teetotalers, and the following, and so lately been calling for a thoroughgoing Temperance House in Augusta, and have been complaining so much and mourning so deeply, because they were under the necessity, for want of such a house, of stopping at two taverns? Do they not know that the Gage House is, in all respects, just such an one as they want? It has been fitted up at great expense, for a public house; it has excellent accommodations, and is in a most desirable situation. It is now kept by Mr. CHAS. FREEMAN, a distinguished member of the Sons of Temperance, a very attentive and obliging Landlord, who has incurred great and onerous liabilities in order to accommodate the public in this respect. Let them see to it, that he is well sustained.

Augusta, Oct. 3, 1845. 41

**Cigars.**  
A LARGE SUPPLY of these extra Round and Flat Regalias, just received by **SELDEN & CO.** Hallowell, Nov. 8, 1845. 46

**Beaver Cloths, &c.**  
**CALDWELL & CO.** have received the past week a large stock of Wood's Patent Beaver Cloths, Gold Mix Beaver Cloths, a new and elegant article for Overcoats.

Garments of all kinds made in the last and most fashionable style. It is now kept by Mr. CHAS. FREEMAN, a distinguished member of the Sons of Temperance, a very attentive and obliging Landlord, who has incurred great and onerous liabilities in order to accommodate the public in this respect. Let them see to it, that he is well sustained.

Augusta, Oct. 3, 1845. 41

**Per Ship "Diana"**  
At Boston from Liverpool.

THE subscriber has received by the above arrival, one case best **CASH STEEL**, assorted sizes, which will be sold at a low price, and to price and quality, no one can **POCKET CUTLERY**, of Rodgers & Sons, and other staples. **H. W. FAIRBANKS,** No. 4, Phoenix Buildings, Water St.

August 9. 49

**Fig's, Raisins, and Grapes.**  
40 BOXES Fresh Raisins; 50 Drums do. Figs; 200 casks Grapes, all of superior quality, for sale low by Dec. 1, 1845. 49 **J. E. LADD.**

**THE MAINE TOWNSMAN** and **PROBATE** second edition: containing one hundred additional pages of Probate and Miscellaneous Forms. For sale by **EDWARD FENNO.**

**"Great Attraction"**  
**At Pierce's Cheap Cash Store,**  
**HALLOWELL, MAINE.**

A. J. PIERCE would respectfully inform the citizens of Hallowell and vicinity, that he is now opening (at the store formerly occupied by S. K. Gilman,) a new and elegant stock of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, which he offers for sale at lower prices than can be purchased (at any other store) on the Kennebec.

His stock consists in part of the following articles, viz: Broadcloths of every texture, cloth and finish, from \$1.75 to \$7 per yard. Pilot and Beaver Cloth, some as low as 62 1/2 cents per yard. Also a few pieces Gold Mixed Beaver Cloth, a new and fashionable article for over coats. Cassimeres, Doe Skirts, Satins, Vestings, Tailors' Trimmings, &c., at very low prices.

**GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.**  
Gloves, Stocks, Suspenders; Linen Bosoms and Collars; Under Shirts and Drawers; Silk, Cotton, and Grass Cloth Handkerchiefs; together with many other articles necessary to complete a Gentleman's Wardrobe.

**LADIES' CLOAK AND DRESS GOODS.**  
Robes, Gals, and Linen Slips; Thibet Merinos and Indianes; Silk, Cotton, and Linen Warp; Linen; elegant Cashmeres, and De Laines; Prints of every variety, from 61 to 25 cents—making one of the best and cheapest assortments ever offered in this market.

**SHAWLS.**  
Rich Cashmere and Silk Shawls, from \$5 to \$25; Extra Heavy Net and Hosiery Shawls. Also every variety of Fancy Shawl now in use.

**HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.**  
Blankets, Flannels, Quilts; Linen Damask and Table Covers; Brown and Bleached Sheetings; Tickings, Diapers, Calico, Alpaca; Lamb's Wool and Merino Hosiery; Cashmere and Kid Gloves; Mittens and Children's do.—White Goods; Laces, Edgings, &c., &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen, you will find every article (with many others not enumerated in the above list,) by calling at our store. It will afford us an pleasure to exhibit our goods, and should they fail to suit, our Customers may rely upon *Polite Attention and no Grumbling.*

N. B.—Do not mistake the No. if you prize Bargains. **Pierce's Cheap Cash Store, Water Street, Hallowell, Maine.** Hallowell, December, 1845. 51

**New England Truss Manufactory,**  
**Boston, Mass.**

**JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER** continues to manufacture all the various improved Trusses, at his old stand, No. 305 Washington Street, Boston. He has been in the business for the last twenty years, and has been in the whole time, day or evening. He has been in the business for the last twenty years, and has been in the whole time, day or evening. He has been in the business for the last twenty years, and has been in the whole time, day or evening.

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